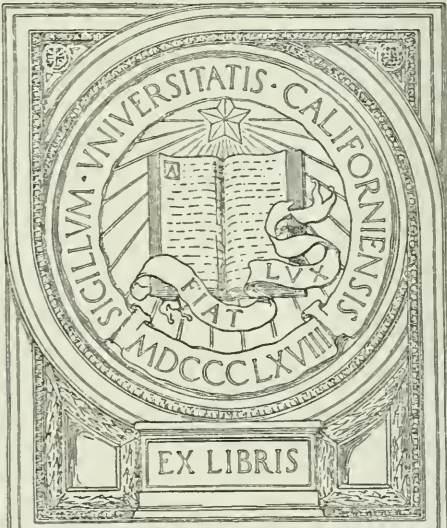
AA 000665328 1
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE
GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

W. GUNNYON.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



THORNTON & SON,
Booksellers,
The Broad,

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/centuryoftransla00gunn

Greek Anthology.

Printed by Dunlop & Drennan, "Standard" Office,
Kilmarnock.

A CENTURY OF

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek Anthology.

BY

WILLIAM GUNNYON,

Author of "A Life of Burns," and "Scottish Life and History in Song and Ballad."

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

KILMARNOCK: DUNLOP & DRENNAN, PRINTERS, "STANDARD" OFFICE.

1883.

PA
3623
A5G9

Preface.

—o—

The following Translations, executed at intervals during the last twenty years, appeared from time to time in Kilmarnock or Glasgow journals. They were undertaken solely as a literary solace, and with no view to subsequent collection and republication. But during late years I have been asked so often, and by so many, to republish them that I at last reluctantly consented. However, I had got jaded, and I shrank from the labour of revision. But I did them at first as carefully as I could, and I am not sure that by revision I should have improved them. Still, if I did not think they had some merit, especially that of fidelity, no solicitation, however urgent, would have induced me to republish.

The name of the translators of the Greek

Class. Lang.
NOV 1 6 1937
St. & B.
280487

Anthology, to a larger or smaller extent, is Legion, and among these have been some of our countrymen the most eminent for scholarship and poetic genius. This effort of mine, therefore, may appear presumptuous; but I am neither weak enough nor vain enough to enter the lists as a rival to these, nor do I offer my little book as a critical guide. It pleased me in the production, and it seems to have pleased a sufficient number of, it may be, partial friends to justify me in clothing it in this form. So far from its being intended as a critical guide there is neither chronological classification, nor even that by subjects. The versions are set down pretty much in the order in which they were made, and if there is not method there is at least variety.

In several instances there are two versions of the same epigram, which may be considered superfluous. But for twenty-five years I was a classical teacher, and the double versions are given with something of the complacency of a schoolmaster, to "teach the young idea" that more than one version, and each equally faithful, may be made of the same subject by the same person. Besides, some of these are in

blank verse, and such rendering of a short poem, if the only one, however faithful and flowing it may be, is scarcely satisfactory. It indicates a poverty of verbal resource particularly inappropriate in a translator. Hence the second versions in some species of rhymed measure.

I have, I confess, undertaken a hazardous and ambitious task, and one apt to challenge damaging comparisons. But I have no wish to deprecate criticism, whatever its verdict, provided it be given with knowledge and fairness.

Glasgow, December, 1882.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek Anthology.

[ANTHOLOGY, *a collection of flowers*, a term given to a book consisting of a series of choice thoughts, sometimes in prose, but usually in verse. It is most frequently applied to that great collection of short epigrammatic pieces, the GREEK ANTHOLOGY, ranging over more than a thousand years, from Simonides of Ceos (490 B.C.) to the sixth century of our era. The first collection, made by Meleager the Syrian, about 60 B.C., has perished, as have also other collections by Philip of Thessalonica, Diogenianus of Heraclea, Straton of Sardis, and Agathias (550 A.D.) Two collections have been preserved,

that of Constantine Cephalas, about 920 A.D., now known as the Palatine Anthology, the manuscript of which was discovered by Salmasius in the library of the Elector Palatine at Heidelberg in 1606, and published by Brunck (1772-6); and that of Maximus Planudes, a monk of the 14th century, founded on the Anthology of Agathias, and printed at Florence in 1494 by John Lascaris. Many editions of this have been published; the latest, begun by Bosch in 1795, was finished by Lennep in 1822. This contains the Latin version of Grotius. Planudes seems to have for the most part merely re-arranged or abridged the collection of Cephalas. Jacobs re-edited Brunck at Leipzig (1794-1814). These bright consummate flowers have long been the delight of scholars, many of whom have translated such of them as most pleased their fancy. The best known translations are those of Bland and Merivale. In commending the Greek Anthology I have been sometimes jestingly asked—"What do I know or care about Greek?" But as Professor Jebb well puts it—"Love, art, mourning for the dead, the whole range of human interests and sympathies, lend leaves to this garland of Greek Song." Or to slightly vary Shakspeare—"Had not a Greek eyes? had not a Greek hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Briton is?" And so, to those who think with Terence nothing human alien from them, the Greek Anthology is full of meaning and interest.]

I.

ANACREON.

[Anacreon, a lyric poet, and a native of Teos, a city on the coast of Ionia, flourished about 530 B.C. His poetry was entirely amatory and convivial, his unfailing themes being love, wine, and the lyre. Of the Samian wine it is said in Byron's "Isles of Greece"—

"It made Anacreon's Song divine."

It is added that

"He served, but served Polycrates,"

the tyrant of Samos, at whose brilliant Court the poet lived for some time. He afterwards went to Athens, living at the Court of Hipparchus, son of the tyrant Peisistratus, and is there said to have met with Simonides. He is also said to have lived in Thessaly with the Alenidæ. His death, which occurred in his eighty-fifth year, is generally attributed to his having been choked by a grape-stone, while on a voyage from Abdera to his native isle. The collection of about sixty short pieces, which passes under his name, is spurious, and is said to have been first made in the tenth century. The several pieces were probably all composed during the Christian era, some of them as late as 500 A.D. These were translated into English verse by Thomas Moore, and published in 1801. In their gaiety and love of pleasure the Greek and the Irish poet strongly resembled each other. Both were emphatically men of society, and affected the company of the great. The few genuine fragments of Anacreon are marked by grace and sweetness, and exhibit a genuine turn for gentle satire.]

I'd sing the bold Atreidæ,
I'd sing Bœotia's Lord ;
But the lyre to nought will answer
But Love with every chord.

My lyre I altered lately,
I strung it all anew—
And the toils of bold Alcides
I sang in numbers due.

Still the lyre responded only
To Love with every sound :
Farewell, henceforth, ye heroes—
To Love my lyre is bound !

——:o:——

II.

THE SAME.

Once at the hour of midnight,
When turning is the Bear
By the guiding of Boötes,
And o'erpowered by work and care,

Speech-gifted mortals slumber ;—
Then Cupid, drawing near,
Took to beating at my portals,
Which bred me meikle fear.

" Who's knocking so untimely ?"
I called, " you'll break my dreams."
" O, let me in," says Cupid,
" For 'tis not as it seems.

I'm but a child, don't tremble,
I'm drenched into the skin ;
Through the moonless night I've wandered,
And fain would be within."

This hearing, I had pity,
And at once procured a light ;
I opened, and before me
Stood a child in woful plight.

A handy bow he carried,
Wings, and a quiver too ;
I placed him by the ingle,
And without more ado

With my palms I chafed his fingers,
Squeezed the water from his hair ;
And when the cold had vanished,
He said, "Kind host, forbear !

This bow, come, let us test it, —
Let us see how far its cord,
By being soaked so throughly
Is injured for its lord."

And the roguish urchin bent it,
And pierced my liver thorough ;
And never sting of gad-fly
Was fraught with greater sorrow.

Then up he leapt guffawing ;
Said, "Host, rejoice with me !
My bow has suffered nothing,
But sore thy heart shall be."

III.

THE SAME.

Upon the myrtles tender,
And the lotus-leaves so slender,
Reclining I'll get mellow,
As becomes a right good fellow.
Let Love, his tunic binding
With papȳrus round his neck,
Busy himself in finding
Me flowing bowls of sack.
For life runs on revolving—
Like the chariot-wheel it must;
And we, our bones dissolving,
Will lie a little dust.

Why then anoint a tombstone?
Why pour libations vain?
For me—I had much rather,
While in life I still remain,
That you'd crown my head with roses,
My locks perfume with myrrh,
And call my gentle mistress.—
O Cupid! ere I stir
From scenes above to mingle
With the Infernal Choir,
All cark and care to scatter
I ardently desire.

IV.

THE SAME.

Scotticé redditum.

Anacreon, ilk wife and maid
Now says, "Thou's getting auld ;
"Keek in the glass, and quick confess
"That thy pow as a neep is bald.

"Thy locks are wi' the last year's snaw"—
"Guid faith, I carena by :
"Locks or nae locks, that's nocht to me,
"Since ae thing weel ken I—

"That as an auld man's time is short,
"Nae moment maun he tyne ;
"But droun his fears o' comin' fate
"In draughts o' Luve and Wine."

——:o:——

V.

THE SAME.

The Muses finding blooming Love,
Rosy fetters round him wove,
And straightway bore the captive God
To Beauty in her bright abode.
His mother, Venus, quickly brings
A ransom of all precious things,
To free the prisoner from his chains ;
But he a willing slave remains ;
Nor would he go though he were free,
For Beauty's thrall he swears he'll be.

VI.

THE SAME.

My love, fly not, beholding
These locks of mine so grey ;
Nor, though thy beauty's blossom
Be bright and sweet as May,
Reject my fond caresses;
Than these stately lilies hoar,
In this garland twined with roses,
No flowers delight us more.

——:o:——

VII.

THE SAME.

When appears the joyous Spring,
Round our path the Graces fling
Roses, and the roaring sea
Is hushed as by a lullaby.
Dives the duck in streams again,
Comes the migratory crane,
Shines the sun with purest ray,
Cloudy shadows fly away.
Works of mortals brightly beam,
Willow blossoms richly teem ;
Richly teems the olive bough,
Tendrils circle Bacchus' brow ;
Every branch in every bower
Is clothed with fruit as twig with flower.

VIII.

THE SAME.

Love, as once he lay among
The roses, had his finger stung
By a bee he had not seen :
Then lustily he cried, I ween.
And now running, and now flying,
To Cythera fair he came :—
"O, my mother, I am dying,—
Hand and arm are all aflame.
A small wing'd serpent called a bee
By husbandmen, has wounded me."
She replying, archly said—
"If a bee-sting makes thee smart,
How think'st thou, Cupid, those have sped
Whom thou hast smitten to the heart?"

——:o:——

IX.

THE SAME.

I call not him a friend,
Who, o'er the flowing bowl,
Of brawls and tearful wars
Talks loud with boastful soul.

But he's one who reminds me,
As he drinks, of healthful Mirth,
And how Venus and the Muses
Make a heaven of the earth.

X.

THE SAME.

Blest we deem thee, Grasshopper,
Happy, tiny reveller!
Quaffing dewdrops thou dost sing
On the tree-tops like a king.
What thou seeest in the fields,
What the leafy forest yields,
What the varied Hours produce—
All is thine to freely use;
And the farmer loveth thee,
For thou livest harmlessly;
And to mortals thou art dear,
Summer's gentle harbinger!
Kind to thee the Muses prove,
Thee Apollo's self doth love,
Giving thee a tuneful voice;
Nor doth age impair thy joys.
Skilful minstrel, born of Earth,
Loving music, loving mirth,
Without suffering, without blood,
Thou art happy as a god!

XI.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

[Leonidas of Tarentum wrote fully a hundred epigrams (according to Meineke 108) in the Doric dialect, and these were inwoven by Meleager in his *Garland*. Some of them, however, are thought by Brunck to belong properly to Leonidas of Alexandria. He seems, from hints scattered through his epigrams, to have lived in the time of Pyrrhus. In the table prefixed to Liddell and Scott's Lexicon it is recorded—*floruit* 280 B.C. After a wandering life he died far from his native Tarentum.]

On this fair-fashioned marble stands
The bard, Anacreon,
Flooded with wine, a garland gay
His hoary head upon.

The aged toper looks around
With moist and wandering eye,
While dangling loosely at his heels
His robe you may espy.

Like silly drunkard, he hath lost
One of his buskins twain;
And what a lean and shrivelled foot
The other doth contain!

Upraising with his hands his harp,
He sings the pains of love;
How Bathyllus or Megistëus
Could all his passions move.

O, Father Bacchus, hold him up!
To let him fall were shame;
Should one so leal sustain mishap,
Thyself would'st get the blame.

XII.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

[Antipater of Sidon wrote several of the epigrams in the Greek Anthology. He flourished probably 108-100 B.C., and is known to have lived to a great age. He was an elder contemporary of Meleager, who wrote his Epitaph.]

May four-bunched ivy flourish round thy tomb,
And the soft petals of the meadow fine,
Anacreon, and from earth's dear bosom come
Fountains of whitest milk, and luscious wine,
To give thee pleasure even in the grave—
If aught of joy the Shades can ever know.
Dear bard, lyre-fondler, who with heart so brave,
With song and love through life did'st joyous go!

——:o:——

XIII.

THE SAME.

Among the dead, Anacreon, thou sleepest
After brave toils, and thy sweet harp is still—
Harp, that when Night's dull shadows were the deepest,
Thy mistress' ear with music used to fill.
Sleeps, too, thy Smerdis, Spring of young desires,
To whom the harp, impinged with skilful hand,
Stirred in her bosom Love's luxurious fires,
Pouring of harmony the nectar bland.
Thou wast, indeed, a target for Love's dart,—
Love, the rich birthright of the youthful breast:
His bow and shafts far-darting made thee smart,
But now Love's fever's o'er, and thou hast rest.

XIV.

HYBRIAS THE CRETAN.

[Hybrias of Crete, a lyric poet, was the author of the following scholion, preserved by Athenaeus, and Eustathius, and also in the Greek Anthology.]

These are my ample riches :
  My doughty spear and glaive,
And a raw-hide-covered buckler,
  My body's bulwark brave.
This is my plough and sickle,
  This treads the grape's sweet wine,
By this I'm hailed as Master,
  And house and slaves are mine.

But those who dare not brandish
  The doughty spear and glaive,
And never make a bulwark
  Of the raw-hide buckler brave ;
Down at my feet the dastards
  Their suppliant bodies fling,
And humbly own their Master,
  And hail me—Mighty King !

XV.

CALLISTRATUS.

[Callistratus was the author of this song on Harmodius, the slayer of the tyrant Hipparchus. It was highly popular in antiquity. The beginning is preserved in Suidas, and in the scholiast on Aristophanes, and the whole in Athenaeus. In Liddell and Scott he is noted, but with an interrogative mark, as having flourished 160 B.C.]

My sword-wreath shall the myrtle be,
  Like our patriots of renown,
  When they clove the tyrant down,
And gave Athens Liberty.

Harmodius dear, thou art not dead!
  But in the Islands of the Blest
  With fleet Achilles thou dost rest,
And Tydeus' son, great Diomede.

In myrtle will I wreath my blade,
  Like our patriots of renown,
  When they clove Hipparchus down,
Where Athena's rites were paid.

Immortal in the land shall be,
  Dear patriots, your high renown!
  For ye clove the tyrant down,
And gave Athens Liberty.

XVI.

ÆSOP.

[Of the works of Æsop, the fabulist, none are extant, and of his life almost nothing is known. He appears to have lived about 570 B.C., while Clinton assigns his birth to about 620 B.C., and he is supposed to have died about 564 B.C., or perhaps somewhat later. Some writers deny that he ever existed at all, and was merely an abstraction. However, fables bearing his name were the delight of the Athenians, and are often referred to by Aristophanes. In their present prose form they are certainly spurious.]

Except through Death how can we flee,
O Life, the ills imposed by thee,
Which, fruitful sources of despair,
We cannot shun, yet cannot bear ?

Sweet are the works of Nature's hand,
The Stars, the Sea, the varied Land,
The silver Moon that rules the Night,
The glorious Sun's resplendent light !

But all besides is Fear and Pain ;
Or, if a transient Bliss we gain,
Soon Retribution undeceives,
And he who joyed more deeply grieves.

XVII.

PLATO.

[The ancient grammarians in their references frequently confound Plato the comic poet with Plato the philosopher. The former flourished from 428 B.C. to at least 389 B.C. The latter was born about 428 B.C. (Clinton makes it 429) and died in his 81st, or according to others in his 84th year, about 347 B.C.]

Aster, my Star, thy beaming eye
With pleasure scans the starry skies ;
Would that I were yon vault on high
To scan thy charms with thousand eyes !

——:o:——

XVIII.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.

Oh ! that I were the summer wind,
When to the light thy breast is bare,
My pathway to that breast to find,
And breathe upon the sweetness there.
Oh ! that I were yon rose so red,
That rapture through my frame might glow,
When thou did'st pluck me from my bed
To place me on thy breast of snow.

XIX.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.

Give this old delver in thy breast repose
  After his many toils, dear Earth, for thee ;
He toiled, and on thy slopes the vineyard rose,
  And in thy vales the olive's fruitful tree.
He robed thy plains with corn, his trenches led
  To herbage, plant, and tree the dewy wave :
Lie lightly, therefore, on his hoary head,
  And with Spring's choicest flowers begem his grave.

——:o:——

XX.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.

Worn out by age and want, no hand I found
  Outstretched to soothe the sorrows of my lot;
With trembling limbs I crept beneath this mound,
  And here entombed life's bitterness forgot.
Death's law I thus reversed—oh, difference wide!
Not died, then buried: buried first, then died.

XXI.

ACHILLES TATIUS.

[Achilles Tatius, or according to Suidas Statius, an Alexandrian rhetorician and erotic writer, and an imitator of Heliodorus, was at one time supposed to have lived in the 2nd or 3rd century of our era, but is now ascertained to belong either to the latter half of the 5th, or to the beginning of the 6th century. His romance of Cleitophon and Leucippe, from which the following extract is taken, records the adventures of two lovers. It abounds in imitations of writers of every age of Greek literature, is thoroughly rhetorical in style, but offends constantly against decency and morality.]

Were Jove to give the flowers a queen,
His choice would be the rose, I ween.
Of earth she is the glory bright,
Of plants the splendour and delight;
Of flowers the eye, of meads the blush,
With lightning fires her beauties flush.
She breathes of love, and in her breast
Love's gentle queen's an honoured guest.
Of greenest leaves she wears a tress
Sparkling in dewy lovcliness;
And her luxuriant honours move
In mirth to all the winds that rove;
While pleased the glowing wanton smiles
If zephyr to her breast she wiles.

XXII.

MELEAGER.

[MELEAGER, the Syrian, a native of Gadara, in Palestine, lived about 60 B.C. The Greek Anthology contains 131 epigrams of his, affected indeed, but informed with knowledge of life and character, trenchant, and full of amatory fancy. His *Garland*, a term applied to small beautiful poems, commonly compared to flowers, consists of epigrams from not fewer than 46 poets, of all ages of Greek poetry, even the most ancient. To the names of the several poets he attaches in his introduction the names of various flowers, shrubs, and herbs, which he supposes to be emblematic of their particular genius. This *Garland* was arranged in alphabetical order, according to the initial letters of the first line of each epigram.

Among the *loci classici* which deal with flowers are the well-known passages in Shakspeare and Milton—in the "Winter's Tale" and "Lycidas" respectively—and Burns's *Posie*, first printed among the songs in Johnson's 4th vol., Aug. 13, 1792. The Scottish bard commingles the hours of the day and the seasons of the year in his *Posie*, in spite of the "Unities," and is defended for this lapse by Professor Wilson, with that headlong and dictatorial impetuosity which has done the Ayrshire ploughman no good with the critical of other nationalities.]

The Wreath.

I'll twine white violets, and narcissus twine,
With myrtles soft, and laughing lilies fair ;
Sweet crocus I will twine, and superadd
The purple hyacinth, and I will twine
The queenly rose, to lovers ever dear ;
So that on Heliodora's temples bright,
Where play her perfumed locks, a wreath may
bloom
In fragrant beauty 'mid her clustering hair.

—— :o:——

Otherwise.

White violets I will twine, and interweave
Narcissus with the myrtle's tender spray ;
The lily's smile my garland shall relieve,
And the sweet crocus add its yellow ray ;
The purple hyacinth I'll also twine,
With roses that inform the lover's song,
So that on Heliodora's head may shine
A wreath, her clustering myrrh-sprent locks
among.

XXIII.

RUFINUS.

[Rufinus, the author of 38 epigrams in the Greek Anthology, and perhaps of one more, was apparently, from internal evidence, a Byzantine, and his verses resemble in their light-hearted amatory character those of Agathias, Paulus, and Macedonius. Beyond conjecture his age cannot be clearly indicated.]

To thee, my Rhodoclēa, do I send
This garland of fair flowers, which I myself
With mine own hands have twined. The lily's here,
Dewy anemoné, and the sweet rose-cup,
Narcissus moist, and violet darkly-bright.
Place these upon thy head, but O, my Fair!
Be not vain-glorious, for thou bloom'st and fad'st
As blooms and fades this short-lived flowery crown.

——:o:——

Otherwise.

I send thee, Rodoclé, this garland fair
Of choicest flowers by mine own hands entwined;
The lily, rose-cup, and the wind-flower's hair,
Glittering with dew, are meetly here enshrined
With moist narciss and dark-blue violet.
Crown thy fair head with these, but O, sweet Maid,
Cast foolish pride away, nor e'er forget
That like this fragile wreath thou bloom'st to fade.

XXIV.

MELEAGER.

Now the white violet blooms—narcissus blooms
Shower-loving—and hill-haunting lilies bloom :
Now, too, Zenophilé—the flower mature,
Flower among flowers, beloved by lovers all,
The sweet rose of Persuasion—is in bloom.
Why do ye laugh, ye meadows, in the gay
Superfluous sheen of leaves, since she I love
Than sweetest breathing garlands is more sweet ?

——:o:——

Otherwise.

Blooms the white violet, blooms narcissus dank,
And blooms the lily on hill sides that grows;
Blooms in its prime, of flowers the first in rank,
Zenophilé, Persuasion's flower, the rose,
For ever sacred in the lover's sight.
Why joyous smile in vain, ye meadows green,
In pride of leaves ? More fragrant and more bright,
My girl, than sweetest garlands e'er have been.

——:o:——

XXV.

THE SAME.

My Jenny's voice falls sweeter on my ears
Than Phœbus' lyre, or music of the spheres.

XXVI.

THE SAME.

Oh, Heliodora ! tears for thee,
    though now the bride of Death,
All that is left affection dear
    to Hades I bequeath ;
Tears wrung by anguish, and a stream
    of fond regrets I pour
Upon thy tomb, memorials sad
    of joys that come no more.
Thee sadly, sadly, my beloved,
    I, Meleager, mourn,
Though 'mong the dead—a useless gift
    to Acheron thou art borne.
Where's my regretted blossom, where ?
    Dis crushed it in the tomb ;
And, ah ! the cruel dust defiled
    my flower in all its bloom.
But on my knees, All-nurturing Earth,
    I make this one request—
Fold gently my lamented one,
    O Mother, to thy breast !

——:o:——

XXVII.

THE SAME.

Not Hymen, but the Bridegroom Death
    fair Clearista found,
When she upon the bridal night
    her virgin zone unbound.
Now at her gate the music sweet
    of the evening flutes arose,

Now heard a clashing as the doors
of the nuptial chamber close.
At morn the hymeneal strains
in gushing gladness flow;
But, quickly changed, they die away
in wailing notes of woe;
And the same torches that had lit
the way to the bride-bed,
With mournful lustre now illumed
her passage to the Dead.

——:o:——

XXVIII.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.

Venus, who sav'st those on wild ocean tost,
Save me, a friend, shipwrecked on land, and lost!

——:o:——

XXIX.

PALLADAS.

[PALLADAS, probably an Alexandrian grammarian, wrote a large number of the epigrams in the Greek Anthology, which some account among the best, but others among the most worthless, in the collection. Whether he was a Christian or a Pagan has been questioned; but his epigram on the edict of Theodosius for the destruction of the Pagan temples and idols establishes beyond dispute that he was no Christian.]

What boots it to be rich? When to the grave
Men haul you, you must leave your gold behind.
You waste your time when wealth you hoard
and save,
For not an hour to life is thus assigned.

XXX.

THEOGNIS.

[THEOGNIS (540 B.C.), a Dorian noble of Megara, and the most copious of the early Greek elegists, an aristocrat, and an utterer of wise saws, was, though he used the Ionic dialect, a standard author in Attic schools. So current did his wise and quaint sayings become in Attica, that a common proverb was, "I knew that before Theognis was born." His politics were Conservative.]

I wish not wealth, either to spend or keep,
But just enough, that I may soundly sleep.

——:o:——

XXXI.

JULIAN, PREFECT OF EGYPT.

[JULIAN, an imitator of earlier Greek poems of various kinds, is the author of 71 epigrams in the Greek Anthology, referring mostly to works of art. He lived in the reign of Justinian.]

While wreathing once a garland
For the tresses of my fair,
I culled the dewy roses,
And found Love lurking there.
I seized him by his pinions,
And plunged him in the bowl,
Then quaffed—and now strange ticklings
For ever stir my soul.

XXXII.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Young I was poor ; now old I rich have grown;
In each case cursed with misery all mine own.
When wealth could joy impart then I had none;
Now when 'tis mine enjoyment all is gone.

——:o:——

XXXIII.

BACCHYLIDES.

[Bacchylides, the nephew and townsman of Simonides, and who lived like him at the Court of Hieron (470 B.C.) was a brilliant and graceful lyrist. He was the eulogist of peace, a reaction having taken place from the warlike spirit that had been evoked by the struggle with Persia. His fragments have been published by Neue and by Bergk.]

Great are the blessings peace on man bestows—
Wealth, and the flowers of poets honey-tongued.
And on the dædal altars to the Gods
Burn in the ruddy flame fat oxen's thighs,
And thighs of well-woolled sheep ; meanwhile the youths
Disport in the gymnasium, and the sounds
Of revelry and piping charm the ear.
In the shield's iron-bound handles are the webs
Of the black spider, and steel-pointed spears
And two-edged swords by mould and rust consume.
No more is heard the brazen trumpet's blare,
Affrighting from the eyelids gentle sleep
That soothes my soul, and joyous banquets fill
The festive streets, and songs of youths resound.

Otherwise.

Great are the boons, and manifold,
By Peace bestowed on men:
The comforts that are bought with gold,
The poet's honied pen.

And from the dædal altars rise,
As flame doth roar and leap,
The smoke of many a sacrifice
Of ox and fleecy sheep.

The youths in the gymnasium
Through friendly strife grow strong;
The pipe's shrill notes not unbecome
The revel and the song.

On iron handles of the shields
The spider's webs appear,
And to the rust's corrosion yields
The steel of sword and spear.

Mute is the brazen trumpet's blare,
Nor from mine eyelid flees
Soul-soothing sleep, which Tumults scare,
And only dwells with Ease.

The Feast's restoring sweets abound,
And tables line the street;
While songs of youth and maid resound,
And prance of merry feet.

XXXIV.

EVENUS THE ELDER.

[Evenus the Elder.—The epigrams in the Greek Anthology under the name of Evenus are the productions of different poets. The elder Evenus flourished 450 B.C., and was the instructor of Socrates in poetry. From a passage in Plato it may be inferred that he was alive at the time of the death of Socrates.]

The Swallow and the Grasshopper.

Attic maiden, honey-fed,
Hast thou, prattler, ravished
The prattling grasshopper for food
To thy hungry callow brood?
Both are ever chirruping,
Both expand a beauteous wing:
Coming both when summer's nigh—
The summer bird, the summer fly!
Quickly, quickly, let him go,
O, 'twere wrong to work him woe!
Those whose life is song alway
Never should on singers prey.

XXXV.

MELEAGER.

Shrill-sounding grasshopper, on dewy drops
Inebriate, thou sing'st thy rural song,
Gladdening with sound the solitary place.
And, sitting on the tree-tops, thou dost pour
The lyre's sweet music from thy dusky sides,
Striking them with thy broad and saw-like limbs.
But O, loved one, some new and sportive lay
Chant to the wood nymphs, chirruping a strain
To Pan responsive, that, eluding love,
I may secure my noontide slumber here,
Reclined beneath this plane-tree's welcome shade.

——:o:——

Otherwise.

O, Grasshopper, with voice so shrill,
Tipsy with dewdrops, thou dost fill
With rural melody the woods,
And cheer'st with song the solitudes.
Perched on the tree-tops thou dost pour
The lyre's sweet tones the landscape o'er,
Whene'er thy broad, indented feet
Thy dusky wings in cadence beat.
Loved one, some new and sportive strain
Chirp to the wood nymphs' gentle train,
That Pan on oaten pipe may play
In turn a sweet, responsive lay,
And I, eluding Cupid, find
Beneath the plane tree's shade reclined,
The noontide slumber that is dear
To all who love and labour here.

280487

XXXVI.

ARIPHRON OF SICYON.

[Ariphron of Sicyon wrote the accompanying pæan to health, which has been preserved by Athanaeus. The beginning is quoted by Lucian, and also by Maximus Tyrius.]

Health, venerable heavenly Power,
  May I abide with thee.
Oh, gladly to Life's latest hour
  My Fellow-lodger be!
For all the joys that wealth can bring,
The pleasures that from children spring,
The circumstance, the pomp and pride,
By which the monarch's deified;
The raptures which we wildly chase
To snare in furtive Love's embrace;
Whatever other joy is given
To mortals by benignant Heaven;
If ever from our toils we find
A grateful breathing space assigned;
With thee all these in beauty flower,
And shines the Graces' vernal Hour:
For never can we happy be
Unless, blest Health, we dwell with thee!

XXXVII.

MIMNERMUS.

[Mimnermus of Smyrna (620 B.C.), a contemporary of Solon, by whom in an extant fragment he is addressed as still living, was an elegiac poet full of Ionian softness and voluptuousness, and devoted to the enjoyment of life through the senses. His themes were the instability of happiness, the brief term of human enjoyment, and the miseries of age. Love was the only solace of life.]

Like leaves which Spring of many flowers
Produces in her sunny bowers,
A few precarious short-lived hours
Youth's blossoms gladden,
Ere good and evil's changeful powers
Life's pleasures sadden.

Two scowling Fates beside us stand;
One, cheerless *Age*, with palsied hand;
One, *Death*, that rules the Silent Land—
The realm of Shades.
Youth's fruit, like vernal sunbeams bland,
Too quickly fades.

And when its gorgeous bloom is fled
Like palls, 'twere better to be dead:
Ills circle every hapless head;
Domestic broils—
Faintings of heart for want of bread,
And sordid toils.

One sighs for children, yet of these
None by his dying bed he sees;
Another's soul by fell disease
Is tortured sore;
To every mortal Heaven decrees
Of ills a store.

XXXVIII.

THE SAME.

Wanting golden Aphrodité
What is life, and what is sweet?
&c., &c.

I will proceed no further with a literal version of this plain-spoken epigram; for, to quote Horace,

"*Virginibus puerisque canto*;"

and the old pagan expresses himself with an *abandon* which would be intolerable at this time of day. But he does so without conscious indelicacy, or studied prurience. His muse here resembles that Scottish nymph, of whom it is recorded in song that

"High-kilted was she
As she gaed o'er the lea."

Therefore I shall drape her decorously, and provide her with an ampler kirtle, which shall be of good Scotch homespun. It must be remembered that the times change, and we change with them. What was not indecorous in heathendom, fully two millenniums ago, is not exactly suitable in Christendom now. Anyone gifted with the faculty of song may lilt the following version to the tune of "Green grow the rashes, O."

O, what is sweet, and most complete,
And what most truly blesses, O?
Sure, 'tis when Venus blithely blinks,
And shores us rowth o' lasses, O.

When I the jauds nae langer please
Methinks I'll tryst my coffin, O ;
Sae while my youth's fresh flower's in bloom
I'll kiss and clap wi' daffin, O.

When croichlin', hirplin' Eld comes on
Wi' a' its pains and wrinkles, O,
Care presses sair on ilka han',
The e'e nae langer twinkles, O.

The sun shines cauld, we[']fley the bairns,
We're nocht to bonnie lasses, O ;
Syne pu' the gowan while ye may,
For Springtime soon it passes, O.

—o—

XXXIX.

SAPPHO.

[Sappho (610 B.C.), Byron's "burning Sappho," a poetess of wonderful genius, was a native of Mitylene, and along with Alcaeus one of the two great leaders of the Aeolian school of lyric poetry. Her soul attuned to all the harmonies of form and sound, she was the willing slave of the Beautiful. The few fragments of her works that remain, chiefly erotic, are surcharged with the finest melody. She equals Alcaeus in genius, and excels him in grace and sweetness. She is said to have died in Sicily, and from her the Sapphic stanza takes its name. Her leaping into the sea from the Leucadian promontory through disappointed love, whence the phrase "The Lover's Leap," is probably fabulous.]

The Moon has set, the Pleiads too ;
Midnight has come and gone ;
The trysted hour is long, long past—
And still I am alone !

XL.

CALLIMACHUS.

[Callimachus (260 B.C.), a celebrated Alexandrian grammarian and poet, wrote Hymns to the Gods, epigrams, and elegies, of which only a few fragments remain. His prose works on mythology, history, and literature are completely lost. Catullus translated his "Lock of Berenice"; Ovid imitated his "Ibis," and took the idea of his "Fasti" from his "Aitia" or "Origins."]

One told me, Heraclitus, thou wert dead;
And, as the salt tears gushed, I called to mind
How oft we twain had talked the sun to bed.
But thou, my Halicarnassian guest-friend kind,
Long since art dust; yet live thine Elegies;
Pertains to plundering Death no power o'er these.

—:o:—

XLI.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

'Tis time to sail: mild Zephyr comes once more;
The twittering swallow builds her procreant nest;
The meadows bloom, and hushed is ocean's roar,
The billows and the blasts now laid to rest.
Sailor, the anchor weigh, the ropes set free,
Spread thy broad canvas to the favouring wind:
The harbour's lord, Priapus, biddeth thee,
And thou from honest trade wilt profit find.

XLII.

AGATHIAS.

[AGATHIAS was born in 536 or 537 A.D. at Myrina in Aeolia. He was educated and studied literature at Alexandria, became an advocate by profession, and a student of ancient poetry from choice. His works consist of small love poems, and of 108 epigrams, which are contained in the Greek Anthology. He was also an historian, but had little historical or geographical knowledge.]

Eager to know if Ereutho,
of the beauteous eyes, me loved,
With subtle art her tender heart
delusive thus I moved:
"I go," I said, "my lovely maid,
to dwell on a foreign shore;
But do thou prove unto my love
unswerving evermore."
With grief profound and wailing sound
she smote her forehead fair;
And with her hands she tore the bands
of her richly-braided hair.
"Oh! do not go, nor leave me so,"
the love-sick maiden sighed;
Then I with art, acting a part,
consented to abide.
In my deep love I happy prove;
for what I most desired,
With slow consent as a boon I grant
by her own dear self required.

XLIII.

THE SAME.

Why dread ye Death, that quiet brings to all,
  Giving to Pain and Poverty surcease?
To mortals he can only once befall,
  No second visit need we for release.
But manifold and multiform are Pains,
Which Fate, now here now there, remorseless
    rains.

——:o:——

XLIV.

PALLADAS.

Sarapis in a dream by night
Stood full before a murderer's sight,
Who near a tottering structure lay,
And cried, "Sleep elsewhere, wretch, away!"
No sooner had he changed his ground
Than hideous ruin spread around.
The villain, when the morn arose,
With offerings to the altar goes,
Deeming it from the issue clear
That murderers to the god were dear.
When next he sought his guilty bed
The god appeared and sternly said:—
"Wretch! deem'st thou that to one like thee
A god can e'er propitious be?
Thy caitiff life I once preserved
To meet the doom thy crime deserved:
A painless death is not for thee;
Thy guerdon is the gallows-tree."

XLV.

HEDYLUS.

[Hedylus, an epigrammatic poet of Samos or of Athens, lived about the middle of the third century of our era, and is to be classed with the Alexandrian school of poets. His epigrams, most of which are in praise of wine, and all sportive, were included in the "Garland" of Meleager.]

Let us drink ; for we may find
Something novel, something kind,
Something neat and sweet to say,
As we wash dull care away.
Drench me still with Chian strong,
Saying, "Bard, thy sport prolong!"
I should hate to live at all
Had I not a flask at call.

——:o:——

XLVI.

PLATO.

I, Lais, who with haughty smile
Regarded captive Greece,
Alluring with resistless wile
Young lovers to my knees,
To Venus dedicate this glass,
No more a joy to me :
It shows no longer what I was ;
What now, I will not see.

XLVII.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Antigenes of Gelos, ere he died,
Spake to his daughter summoned to his side :—
"My fair-cheeked child thy distaff ne'er diseard,
Its gain will ease a life, however hard ;
And, if a bride, thy mother's virtues show,
No dowry could reward a husband so."

—:o:—

XLVIII.

THE SAME.

Not through disease, nor by the foeman's spear,
A daughter and a mother slumber here.
When horrid war our native Corinth fired
We chose a noble death, by pride inspired.
A mother's steel my youthful life-blood drank,
And then, self-strangled, in the grave she sank.
The lofty soul the tyrant's sway disdains,
And death, with freedom, we preferred to chains.

—:o:—

XLIX.

THE SAME.

Few were the themes of song, the words were few,
By which Erinna earned the Muse's crown ;
Therefore she lives in memory ever new,
Nor sable night's dark wing can weigh her down.

But we, the myriad minstrels of to-day,
Are doomed in heaps to rot on Lethe's shore ;
For sweeter far the stately swan's brief lay
Than chatterings of the daw when winter's o'er.

L.

ERINNA.

[Erinna, of Telos, (about 612 B.C.), a contemporary and friend of Sappho, died at nineteen. She left behind her poems, chiefly of the epic kind, and written in a mixture of Doric and Aeolic, which some thought worthy of ranking with those of Homer. She has a place in the "Garland" of Meleager. Sappho, who was the centre of a female literary society, is said to have been the instructress of Erinna in the technical portion of her art.]

Pillars, and mourning Sirens, and sad Urn
That hold'st for Hades all the pyre hath spared,
Welcome accord to all who hither turn,
From whate'er land or city they have fared;
And say:—"A virgin here hath found her rest,
Named Baucis by her sire, a high-born chief;
And that Erinna, friend she loved the best,
Engraved these lines, memorials of her grief."

——:o:——

LI.

THE SAME.

The tomb of virgin Baucis, here I stand.
Stranger, slow-pacing by this pile of woe,
Speak thus to Hades in the Silent Land:—
"All human bliss why dost Thou envy so?"
These symbols fair tell thee who dost enquire,
The untimely fate of her within this tomb.
The bridegroom lighted up her funeral pyre
With Hymen's torch that late had led her home.
And Thou, too, Hymen, turned'st the nuptial hymn
To elegiac strains of sorrow dim.

LII.

MELEAGER.

To Spring.

The howling Winter having left the sky,
Smiles the bright hour of flower-producing Spring;
The fresh-hued earth is crowned luxuriantly
With greenest grass, and flowers are clustering
With petals new, each branch surcharged with juice.
The meadows drinking of the dews that drop
From womb of morn, making earth more produce,
Smile as the Roses their sweet eyelids ope.
To shepherds piping shrilly on the hills
The season sweet all gloomy thoughts forbids;
The goat-herd too with raptured feeling thrills
Eyeing the skippings of his snow-white kids.
The mariners now plough the billows broad,
Their canvas bellying to the harmless gale
Of Zephyr, while the vineyard's jolly god
Ivy-crowned revellers with Evoes hail.
Their skilful beauteous works are now a care
To bees derived from oxen;* in their hives
They settle gladly and no labour spare:—
To elaborate honey each with other strives.
And all around the feathered shrill-note sings:
The halcyons by the wave; the swallows hail
From human dwellings; from the river-springs
The swans; and from the grove the nightingale.
Now, when joy stirs the leafage of the plant;
Earth blooms; the shepherds pipe upon the hills;

*See Virgil, Georg. IV.

And thick-fleeced sheep with ceaseless gambols
pant;
And sailors plough the main; and Bacchus
thrills
The dancer's heart; birds sing; industrious bees
Labour with sweets;—when Nature all is gay,
Why should the bard, reclining at his ease,
Not sing his sweetest song in blithesome May?

——:o:——

LIII.

PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

[PAUL, THE SILENTIARY, chief of the secretaries of the Emperor Justinian, wrote various poems, of which some are still extant, and 83 epigrams, given in Vol. III. of Brunck's *Anthologia*.]

Nor needs the rose a wreath, nor thou, fair maid,
A broidered vest, or head-dress gem-inlaid.
On thy white neck the pearl pales its light;
Than purest gold thy flowing locks more bright.
Yields to thine eyes, so beautifully blue,
The Indian hyacinth's celestial hue.
Thy dewy lips, thy mind and manners' tone,
A honeyed harmony, are Venus' zone.
All these subdue; my comfort's from thine eyes,
Where honey-dropping hope for ever lies.

LIV.

MELEAGER.

Me the swift-footed, long-eared hare, while young,
While very young, torn from my mother's breast,
Sweet Phanion reared—the fair-skinned Phanion.
And, fondled in her bosom, I was fed
On every flower that the Spring meads produce.
A mother's loss not moved me, but I died
Of endless dainties, fattened with much food.
And here she buried me beside her bower,
That ever in her dreams she might behold
My tomb close-bordering on her gentle couch.

——:o:——

Otherwise.

Me, the swift-footed, long-eared hare,
Abstracted from a mother's care
While young, the sweet-skinned Phanion
Fondled her tender breast upon.
And she her sportive favourite fed
On flowers from Spring's awakened bed.
I pined not for a mother's kindness,
But Phanion, with fatal blindness,
Incessant delicates supplied,
So I grew fat, and soon I died.
And near her couch the sorrowing maid
The body of her leveret laid,
That in her dreams she still might see
The tomb she fondly raised o'er me.

LV.

ARCHIAS.

[Archias, A. Licinius, a Greek poet born at Antioch, about 120 B.C. He is known chiefly from Cicero's famous speech *pro Archia*, the genuineness of which has, however, somewhat unnecessarily been questioned by Schroeter. He wrote many epigrams, but it is not settled whether those ascribed to him in the Anthology are really his. They have no great merit. According to Cicero and Quintilian he had a remarkable gift of improvising verses, a gift possessed to a surprising degree by our countryman Theodore Hook.]

Lysippé's infant playing on the verge
Of a huge cliff o'erhanging ocean's surge,
Astyanax' sad fate would soon have shared,
Had not the mother, taught by instinct, bared
The streaming font his daily food that gave—
Rescuer at once from hunger and the grave.

——:o:——

LVI.

ARCHILOCHUS.

[Archilochus (670 B.C.), a native of Paros, a poet of the highest order, and classed by his countrymen with Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles as one of their representative bards. He was the earliest of the Ionian lyrists, and the first

Greek poet who composed Iambic verses according to fixed rule. To him as well as to Callinus was ascribed the invention of elegy. In elegiac strains he sang of war and mourned for the dead; but iambic or satiric poetry was his forte, and of this weapon he had such terrible mastery that its edge drove to suicide the daughters of Lycambes, of whom Neobule, who had been promised to him in marriage, was ultimately denied to him. In his Epodes Horace manifestly translates from him.]

Some Saian glories o'er my undinted shield,
Which, 'gainst my will I left beside the wood;
But since with life I've quit the bloody field,
Let that shield go—I'll buy one quite as good.

——:o:——

LVII.

SIMONIDES.

[Simonides.—There were two famous poets so named, Simonides of Amorgus (660 B.C.), a celebrated satirist in iambics. He also wrote gnomic poetry in iambic measure, in which are embodied sentiments and precepts bearing on life and character, and intermixed with quiet irony. But it is with Simonides of Ceos (490 B.C.) that we have here to do, for to him are to be ascribed the numerous elegiac and epigrammatic remains, so highly prized, that bear the name. He excelled both as a lyrical and an elegiac poet. His

lyrics, written in the Doric dialect, belong in form to the Choral Dorian school, while he framed his elegies in his native dialect, the Ionic. In youth he was one of the brilliant circle that graced the Court of Hipparchus; in advanced life he enjoyed the friendship of Themistocles and Pausanias; and he died at Syracuse, whither he had gone to the Court of Hieron. His remains consist of hymns to the gods, paeans, odes of victory, and dirges. Beautiful are his elegiac epitaphs on the patriots that fell at Thermopylae and Salamis, and especially beautiful is his "Lament of Danaë," which forms the last version given in this book. He was eminent for self-control; hence the moderation of his views of human life, and the soundness of his moral sentiments. His poetry is characterized by sweetness, finish, and absolute mastery of expression.]

Nought stable to the sons of men remains:
The Chian man declared in noblest strains,
"As is the race of leaves so that of men"—
A truth our ear reveals unto our ken,
But seldom moves the heart; for each is strong
In hope, innate in bosoms of the young.
And while a man has youth's desired flower
Light is his heart, and each revolving hour
Brings to his thoughts much that can never be.
For ne'er does it suggest itself that he
Shall yield to Eld, or drop into the tomb,
Nor, while in Health, that Sickness e'er will come.
Fools! who think thus, nor do they rightly know
How brief are time and life to men below.
But, learning this, do thou through Life's short span
Let thy soul freely taste what bliss it can.

LVIII.

THE SAME.

Loud thundering Jove in his own hand retains
All issues, and his lot to each ordains.
Not on the feeble creatures of a day
Doth aught depend that can our fortune sway.
From day to day we live and darkly grope
As God hath destined, fed by Heavenly Hope,
That sheds around us her illusive rays,
Still pointing to impracticable ways.
The day that is defines the wish to some;
Others look forward to long years to come.
But there is none who thinks not a new year
With wealth and bliss in plenty will appear.
Yet ere the boon arrives unenvied Eld
Steps in, and Hope's sweet visions are dispelled.
Blighting disease consumes the strength to some:—
Some crushed by Mars sink to a bloody tomb.
Some tempest-tost on Ocean's purple breast
Beneath its billows find their destined rest;
Others, aweary of the sun, suspend
The dangling noose, and find a bitter end.
Naught's without Evil: myriad-featured Fate,
And woes ineffable, all men await.

——:o:——

LIX.

Inscription on the Tomb of the Three Hundred.

Go, stranger, tell the Spartans here we lie,
Not fearing, as they bade us, all to die.

LX.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Not in soft robes at Sparta, as elsewhere,
Doth sculptured Venus in her shrine appear.
A helm and not a veil her head adorns ;
She wields a spear, the golden bough she scorns.
A Spartan dame, and wife of Thracian Mars,
Less meetly breathes of dalliance than of wars.

——:o:——

LXI.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Proté, thou art not dead, but gone before,
To fairer regions, and a happier shore ;
The Blesséd Isles are now thy bright abode,
Where copious banquets are on all bestowed.
Full of delight, along Elysian plains,
'Midst softest flowers thou mov'st, remote from pains.
Pains thee, nor winter's cold, nor summer's glow ;
Disease, thirst, hunger, thou shalt never know.
This mortal life of fever and of fret
In thy calm breast can ne'er inspire regret ;
For blamelessly thou livest in the blaze
That glads Olympus with its purple rays.

LXII.

CARPHYLLIDES.

[Carphyllides, a Greek poet, the author of two graceful epigrams in the Greek Anthology. Sometimes we find a name Carpyllides, but whether this represents a different person, or is a mistaken spelling of the first name cannot be ascertained.]

Blame not my tomb, thou traveller passing by.
Though gone from earth nought to regret have I.
I've children's children left, and I grew old
With one dear wife in peace and joy untold.
Three daughters fair I gave to bridegrooms three,
Whose children oft have slept upon my knee.
Not one of all my race did death assail;
No cheek through fell disease did once grow pale;
All poured libations on the patriarch's dust,
And sent him on to slumber with the just.

——:o:——

LXIII.

SAPPHO.

This dust was Timas'. Dying, but unwed,
She sleeps in sable Proserpine's cold bed;
Their tresses shorn with steel her compeers throw
Upon her urn, to soothe the shade below.

LXIV.

ASCLEPIADES.

[Asclepiades.—More than 40 epigrams in the Greek Anthology are under this name, but it is more than probable that they are not all productions of the same poet. Some of them undoubtedly belong to Asclepiades of Samos, mentioned as the teacher of Theocritus, and the reputed author of bucolic poetry. There was also an earlier Asclepiades of Adramyttium. Asclepiades, a lyric poet, from whom Asclepiadic verse, resembling the choriambic, takes its name, lived after the time of Alcaeus and Sappho.]

Sweet to the thirsty in the Summer's heat
A draught of water cooled with purest snow;
Spring garlands to the mariner are sweet,
When Winter hurricanes have ceased to blow:
But sweeter far when youthful lovers find
Some shady bower, and Venus not unkind.

——:o:——

LXV.

THE SAME.

Whate'er of life I yet retain
Take this, ye Loves, from me;
For, by the Gods above, I fain
Henceforth at peace would be.

If blessèd peace I may not know,
Discharge no tiny dart,
But let the lightning's fiery glow
Consume me to the heart.

Yes, strike, ye Loves, I'm not afraid
Even harder lines to bear;
Grief in my heart hath havoc made,
And left me nought but care.

LXVI.

MELEAGER.

Ye well-fraught barks that plough the Helles-
pont,
With the strong north-wind in your swelling
sails,
If, when ye pass the shining cliffs that front
The Coan strand, soft-sighing to the gales
Ye see my Phanion gazing o'er the deep,
Thus say for me:—"O loved and lovely Maid,
My burning passion never is asleep!
And, lest by fickle winds I be delayed,
I shun the waves, and come by land to thee."
If ye say this, then Jove with prosperous breeze
Will fill your canvas, and ye soon shall be
Safe at the ports ye seek, your crews at ease.

——:o:——

LXVII.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.

Place not this corpse in earth; cast it away,
To vultures foul, and ravening dogs a prey.
Earth, Mother of us all, should never hide
Him by whose bloody hand his mother died.

LXVIII.

ANYTÉ.

[ANYTÉ, of Tegea, the authoress of several of the epigrams in the Greek Anthology, is numbered among lyric poets by Meleager and by Antipater of Thessalonica. Her epigrams are for the most part in the style of the ancient Doric Choral Songs, and therefore she may belong to a remoter period than that usually assigned to her—viz., 300 B.C. In fact she has been carried as far back as to about 723 B.C.; but this is perhaps too early a date to suit the style and subject of her epigrams. See Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology *sub voce* ANYTÉ.]

Oft at this tomb on her dear virgin child
Her mother Clino calls with wailings wild.
Philænis, strange to Hymen, treads the shore
Of the green Acheron, to return no more.

——:o:——

LXIX.

THE SAME.

I mourn Antibia, her whose love to gain
Came many a wooer to her father's gate ;
But Beauty, Prudence—both alike were vain,
The hopes of all were crushed by ruthless Fate.

LXX.

PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

Within a tomb, not in a bridal bower,
Thy virgin bed thy sorrowing parents strewed;
From all life's snares, and from the childbed hour
Thou now art safe within thy dark abode.
Those who are left feel sorrow's bitter cloud,
While Fate hath hid thee in her painless breast—
Thee still a child, with Beauty's flower endowed,
And Age's staidness on thy soul imprest.

——:o:——

LXXI.

MENECRATES.

[MENECRATES, of Smyrna, who was the author of two epigrams in the Greek Anthology, was probably the same person with Menecrates of Ephesus, mentioned by Varro.]

Twice had a mother to funereal fires
Her offspring given, when a third expires;
Reproaching sateless Death, the wretched dame
Gave her third darling to the ruthless flame.
When the fourth produce of her womb appeared
No hope possessed her, further woe she feared.
She waited not to see grim Death arrive,
But placed her infant in the flames alive;
Saying: "No more my breasts shall feed in vain,
Mine aye the loss, and Pluto's still the gain.
A present sorrow, therefore, I prefer;
What's over now no future grief can stir."

LXXII.

POSIDIPPUS.

[Posidippus, or Poseidippus, an epigrammatic poet, was probably a contemporary of the comic poet of the same name, who flourished about 289 B.C. His epigrams form part of the *Garland of Meleager*, who seems to have thought him a Sicilian. In the Greek Anthology twenty-two of his epigrams are preserved, but some of these are ascribed to Asclepiades, and some to Callimachus. Athenaeus quotes from two poems by a Posidippus which appear to have been epic, and these Schweighäuser ascribes to the epigrammatist.]

What path of life can proper pleasures yield ?
The senate and the bar are hot with strife ;
Cares worry us at home ; and in the field
Are wasting toils: the sea with storms is rife;
Wealth brings much fear to him abroad who fares,
And poverty, vexation without end.
Hast thou a wife ? not far to seek thy cares !
Unwed, lone cheerless hours thy steps attend.
Children are plagues; to him with children none
Is a maimed life ; Youth is of wisdom shorn,
And Age of strength. We have but choices one
Of two—unborn or die as soon as born.

LXXIII.

METRODORUS.

[METRODORUS is the author of two epigrams in the Greek Anthology It is very uncertain when he flourished, and it is doubtful whether both of these epigrams should be ascribed to the same poet.]

On the Contrary.

No path of life but hath its pleasures meet.
The senate and the bar afford renown.
By the fireside are rest and quiet sweet;
In the green fields a charm that shuns the town.
The sea yields ample treasure. Soothing Fame
Attends a man, if rich, in foreign lands;
If poor, it comforts to conceal the same.
His home is sweet to him in wedlock's bands;
But easier far the careless bachelor's life.
Children are sweet around the family board;
The childless man escapes great sturt and strife.
Youth's limbs with vigour green are richly stored;
While piety encrowns the hoary head.
They greatly err who think we are confined
To choices one of two—unborn or dead.
To all in every state hath life been kind.

LXXIV.

SERAPION OF ALEXANDRIA.

[SERAPION OF ALEXANDRIA, a sophist and rhetorician of the time of Hadrian. He was a copious author, and among his works is classed a short treatise on Astrology. There is one epigram of his in the Greek Anthology.]

This is the skull of some one worn with toil,
Trader, or fisher, on the insensate wave.
Tell mortals, hopes on hopes their holders foil—
Their surest goal the inevitable grave.

—— :o:——

LXXV.

LUCIAN.

[LUCIAN (160 A.D.), a native of Samosata, was one of the wittiest and most voluminous of later Greek writers, and wrote the best Attic prose that had been written for 400 years. In his "Dialogues of the Gods" he turned the popular Greek faith to ridicule, and his frequent attacks on the Pagan Olympus helped much to undermine the authority of the gods of mythology. He notices the then "strange philosophy" of the Christians—their hope of immortality, their holding of goods in common, and their doctrine of the brotherhood of man. He was a writer of uncommon nimbleness and versatility, and holds a reputable place in many departments of literature. He knew human nature intimately, especially on its worst side, and may be regarded

as the Swift, or rather as the Voltaire, of the ancients. He had strong common sense, and racy humour, but was perhaps, like many of the more daring, versatile, and showy of his brethren of the critical guild, more specious than profound.]

A doctor placed his son beneath my rule,
To learn to read like other boys at school.
And when he knew "Achilles' wrath," and those,
"To his own Greeks he caused ten thousand woes,"
And, "Many brave souls untimely did he send
To Hell," no longer did the youth attend.
I met the father:—"Thanks, my friend," quoth he,
"My boy can learn those things at home from me;
For many brave souls untimely I dismiss—
No tutor do I need to teach him this."

——:o:——

LXXVI.

PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

Far dearer, Philinna, thy wrinkles to me
Than the smoothest-faced maid howe'er young she may be;
And more welcome, though aged, art thou to my arms
Than the full-bosomed damsel in life's morning charms;
Thy Autumn is better than her freshest Spring,
And thy Winter more warmth than her Summer doth bring.

LXXVII.

AGATHIAS.

Nicostratus, Aristotelian sage,
Equal to Plato, who enriched his page
With philosophic quibbles, cut and dry,
Was questioned thus by quidnunc passing by:—
"How say'st thou of the soul? Come, tell me plain,
Is't mortal, or immortal? and again,
Is't body or is't spirit? known by the mind
Or by the hand? or is it both combined?"
Our sage declined to answer at the time;
But having read the works on the Sublime,
And on the Soul, by Aristotle writ,
And Plato's Phædo, wherein lore and wit
Are shaped in lofty words and thought profound,
Wrapping his cloak his learned sides around,
And stroking his full beard down to the tips,
Solved thus the problem with oracular lips:—
"If the soul has a nature all its own,
—For that it has to me is quite unknown—
'Tis mortal or immortal, and must be
Or solid substance or from matter free.
But ferried once o'er Acheron's sad wave,
Knowledge as great as Plato's self you'll have.
If you're in haste ascend some structure high,
And like Cleombrotus leap down and die.
Then you will know the question you propound,
That what you seek reposes under ground."

LXXVIII.

THE SAME.

A man in a fix lately went to a lawyer,
Who in his profession was deemed a topsawyer
And stated his case thus :—"Good sir, you must know
My female domestic ran off not long ago.
A fellow soon found her, who, though he well knew
She belonged to a stranger, without any ado
Made her marry his man, and, as you may suppose,
Soon round their hut hearthstone an offspring arose.
Now, whose slaves are those children? My question is so."
Our lawyer commenced a professional show,
Tapped his brow, pondered deep, looked all his books over,
A proper solution of the case to discover,
On his client then turned his arched eyebrows and said,
"Those children you talk of as borne by your maid
Are either your slaves or the kidnapper's base.
But a finding decisive you'll get on your ease
By applying in court to a clear-headed judge,
If what you have told me just now be not fudge."

LXXIX.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

With a green-creeping vine I'm now o'er-
grown—
I, a dry plane—with leafage not mine own :—
I, who erewhile upon my branches wide
Nursed the rich clusters with complacent pride,
Myself as leafy as my nursling vine.
For such a mistress let each heart incline—
Kind not alone when Strength encrowns the
head,
But mindful of him still though with the Dead.

——:o:——

LXXX.

ASCLEPIADES.

Hang there, ye garlands, which my hands have
twined,
Over the porch's folding-doors inclined ;
Nor shed those leaves my weeping eyes be-
dewed—
For lovers' eyes are oft with tears embued—
And when ye see my true love at the door,
Upon his head your watery offering pour ;
So that his yellow hair may drink those tears
Wrung from mine eyes by Love's delicious
fears.

LXXXI.

CLEOBULUS.

[Cleobulus was one of the Seven Sages, and a citizen of Lindus, in Rhodes. He was a contemporary of Solon, and must have lived at least as late as 560 B.C. Clement of Alexandria calls him King of the Lindians, and Plutarch speaks of him as a tyrant, but he may have held an authority delegated to him by popular suffrage, and Lindus may have been under democratic government. He composed lyric poems and riddles in verse. The inscription on the tomb of Midas is ascribed to him by Diogenes Laertius, while others ascribe its authorship to Homer. He was distinguished for physical strength and beauty, and lived to the age of sixty. He was a sayer of good things, and many of these are on record.]

Moulded of brass, a virgin pure,
O'er Midas' tomb I lie:
While rivers row, and tall woods grow,
And waters murmur by—

And while the sea surrounds the land,
And Summer suns are bright,
And the pale Moon ascends the sky
To beautify the Night:—

So long shall I, from this sad pile,
Besprent with many a tear,
Proclaim to travellers as they pass
That Midas slumbers here.

LXXXII.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

This radiant child, once the admired of all,
Thou hast, King Pluto, with a hand unholy,
Snatched under ground, wrapt in Death's sable pall;
Thou hast cut down—reflection melancholy!
From its young root a richly-scented rose
In Spring's first bloom, ere it had reached its prime.
Come, hapless parents, give your grief repose,
And dry your tears—trust the Consoler Time.
Her face had nameless charms, a roseate hue,
That will enrich the sky's immortal bowers;
The Nymphs, not Death, took the sweet maid from you,
To be their playmate in their happiest hours.

——:o:——

LXXXIII.

PLATO.

Be silent now thou Dryad's shaggy scaur,
Streams from the rocks, and bleatings from afar:
Pan to the syrinx his moist lips applies,
And from the reeds draws all their melodies:
Nymphs of the Woods and Waters dance around—
Their feet to frolic measures beat the ground.

LXXXIV.

BIANOR.

[Bianor, a Bithynian, the author of 21 epigrams in the Greek Anthology, lived under the Emperors Augustus and Tiberius. His epigrams were included by Philip of Thessalonica in his collection.]

When to the citadel had come
  Cleitonymus to slay
The tyrant, then a hostile band
  It hurried him away,
To cast him to the fishes,
  And to the cruel sea:
But Justice, righteous goddess,
  Forbade this crime to be,
And buried him herself, for then
  The bank was torn away,
And covered him from head to foot,
  So that untouched he lay
By the Water, and the Earth concealed
  With reverence and pride,
The haven of her liberty,
  On the spot where he had died.

LXXXV.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

Unhappy son, unhappy me who gave
Thy youthful ashes to the silent grave !
Thine a few years of beauty and of glee,
Mine, old and lone, to mourn incessantly.
Would that I were in Hades' drear domain,
For Morn or Eve can ne'er delight again !
Oh, loved and lost, though dead console my grief:
Were I beside thee I should find relief !

——:o:——

LXXXVI.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

No longer, Orpheus, shall thy magic song
Lead oaks, and rocks, and savage herds along ;
Lull warring winds, check hail-storms as of yore,
Melt snow-wreaths, and compose wild Ocean's roar.
For thou art gone.—The Muses wept for thee,
And chief thy Mother, sad Calliopé.
Why for our sons departed should we plain ?
To save their own the Gods contend in vain.

LXXXVII.

LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

[Leonidas of Alexandria taught grammar at Rome, where he ultimately obtained imperial patronage. He probably flourished down to the reign of Vespasian. In the Greek Anthology 43 epigrams are ascribed to him, but perhaps some of these belong to Leonidas of Tarentum. The epigrams of Leonidas of Alexandria are of inferior merit, and characterised by petty conceits, which could have been projected and executed only by a vain and empty trifler.]

On a wild winter's night while hail and snow
And frost were rampant, and North winds did blow,
A lonely lion, with the cold half-dead,
Entered a goat-herd's solitary shed.
The inmates, terror-struck, their flocks forgot,
And for themselves Preserving Jove besought.
The Desert's Lord found shelter through the night:
The storm abated with the morning light.
Then he arose and sought the wilds once more,
Nor injured man, nor kid, nor household store.
This painting on this oak, strong-rooted here,
The herdsmen hung to Jove the Mountaineer.

LXXXVIII.

AGATHIAS.

I love not wine, but should'st thou wish
To see thy lover mellow,
Imprint a kiss upon the cup,
And I'll be Bacchus' fellow.

Should'st thou but touch it with thy lips
Could I be an abstainer ?
The sweet cup-bearer would o'erpower ;
Than that there's nothing plainer.

The cup would be thy messenger,
A kiss to me conveying,
And whispering of the incense sweet
That round thy lips is playing.

—:o:—

LXXXIX.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

This little stone is a memorial sweet
Of the great love my heart did bear to thee.
I pray thee, though in Hades, if 'tis meet,
Drink not of Lethé, but remember me.

XC.

PLATO.

Me, the shower-loving frog, the minstrel moist,
Pleased with clear springs, and servant of the Nymphs,
Hath a wayfaring man here shaped in brass,
And reared a consecrated gift, because
I slaked his feverish thirst, induced by heat.
For by my timely singing, as he roamed,
My voice amphibious drew him to this grot;
And, not unmindful of my guiding strain,
He found the needed draught in waters cool.

——:o:——

Otherwise.

Me, the Nymphs' thrall, the Frog that loves the rains,
The Minstrel moist, rejoicing in clear springs,
A certain wayfarer, with grateful pains
Having shaped in brass, a votive offering brings,
Because I slaked his heat-inflamed thirst.
For as he wandered, seeking waters cool,
My voice amphibious on his glad ear burst,
As I croaked timely from my frigid pool.
And he, not heedless of my guiding song,
Quaffed the cool wave for which his soul did long.

XCI

LUCIAN.

You dye your head, transmute grey hairs to
black,
But there's no dye will turn your age to youth,
Wrinkles efface, and bring the smooth cheek
back.
Why then bedaub your face with paint? For-
sooth
A mask and not a face you then display.
'Tis all in vain—'tis moonstruck madness
quite—
Not all the paints or washes of the day
Could turn foul Hecuba to Helen bright.

——:o:——

Otherwise.

You well may dye your head, but not your years,
Nor yet erase the wrinkles from your face.
Daub not your cheeks with paint, for then
appears
A mask, no countenance with youthful grace.
'Tis moonstruck madness all, no paint or dye
Can give old Hecuba young Helen's eye.

XCII.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.

Not Smyrna's plain the godlike Homer bore,
Nor Colophon, on soft Ionia's shore ;
Chios, nor Egypt with its teeming Nile,
Nor holy Cyprus, nor Ulysses' isle ;
Nor Argos, Danaus' land, nor Cyclops-walled
Mycené, nor Cecropian Athens old ;
For Earth had nothing in the Bard divine.
From Heaven itself, and from their holiest shrine,
The Muses sent him forth that he might pour
Their choicest gifts on creatures of an hour.

——:o:——

XCIII.

PALLADAS.

Tears did I shed at birth, and tears
Before in death I slept ;
And during all life's changeful years
How often have I wept !
O race of man, to many tears
For ever art thou doomed ;
Weak, wretched, and the sport of fears,—
Earth, and by Earth resumed !

XCIV.

THE SAME.

How fleeting are the joys of life !
  This fleetness let us mourn.
Sit, or recline we, still is strife
  'Twixt pain and pleasure born.
Time runs apace, and as it runs
  Against unhappy men,
To each it blurs the glowing Suns,
  And brings us Night again.

——:o:——

XCV.

THE SAME.

An unsafe voyage Life : 'tis oft a storm
  More to be dreaded than wild-yawning seas :
Fortune the pilot, and to it conform
  The voyage, doubtful, with uncertain ease.
Some plough Life's Main with proudly-swelling
    sail,
  While others founder or are dashed on shore ;
Yet whether rough or prosperous the gale,
  All reach one port whence they return no
    more.

XCVI.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.

While with her pliant feet a spider wove
Her slender web, within its crooked toils
She caught a grasshopper: the song-loving child
Lamenting in his tiny chains I saw,
Nor passed unheeded ; but I set him free,
Loosing him from the meshes, and thus said,
" Be saved thou minstrel of melodious voice."

——:o:——

Otherwise.

While with her nimble feet a spider weaves,
Her web a wretched grasshopper receives.
I saw the songster grieving in his chains,
And quickly freed him from his irksome pains—
Saying - " Be saved that thou may'st sweetly
sound,
With tiny voice, to wood and vale around."

——:o:——

XCVII.

PALLADAS.

Each wife's a plague—yet twice she gives
delight;
First, when she's wed ; next, when she leaves
the Light.

XCVIII.

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

[Antipater of Thessalonica wrote several epigrams in the Greek Anthology. He lived in the latter part of the reign of Augustus, and perhaps on till the reign of Caligula, from 10 B.C. till 38 A.D. This we infer from hints in some of his epigrams. It has been supposed that he may be the same with the poet named "Antipater Macedo" in the titles of several epigrams.]

Demetrius, the mother who thee bore,
For that thou showed'st a craven soul, thee slew,
Bathing a falchion in thy caitiff gore.
As she the weapon from thy flank withdrew,
Dyed with the blood of a once darling child,
Champing her teeth, her lips o'erspread with foam,
And Fury in her stern eyes rolling wild,
This word she spake, fitting her Spartan home :—
"Hence from Eurotas ; Hell's thy proper place ;—
No longer mine,—Sparta's and my disgrace."

XCIX.

CRINAGORAS.

[Crinagoras, a Greek epigrammatic poet, author of about 50 of the epigrams in the Anthology. He was a native of Mitylene, and a contemporary of Strabo. Jacobs from several allusions in his epigrams refers him to the reign of Augustus, and as having probably flourished between 31 B.C. and 9 A.D. He lived at Rome, and he states that the Muses had been kinder to him than Fortune. He often evinces a spirit of pure poetry.]

As other isles have changed a noteless name
To that of some one on the roll of fame,
So be ye henceforth called the "Isles of Love,"
Nor fear this change a Nemesis will move.
For the fair boy, here quietly entombed
Beneath thy hallowed turf, but lately bloomed
Both in the name and in the form of Love.
O Earth, that see'st his tomb, we pray thee prove
But a light burden on his gentle breast,
And thou, near Ocean, from thy murmurs rest

C.

SIMONIDES.

Not from the time when Ocean with its tide
Cleft Europe from her sister Asia's side ;
Not from the time when the impetuous Mars
Directed mortals in their pristine wars,
Was ever deed of more heroic strain
Performed by men on land or on the Main.
On land these made the Medes in myriads fall,
Then took a hundred Tyrian ships with all
Their fighting men—Swart Asia did groan
When in both arms she found herself o'erthrown.

——:o:——

CI.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.

Why do ye thus with shameless hunting drag,
Ye shepherds, from the dewy branches Me,
The Grasshopper that loves the solitude—
The Nymphs' sweet wayside minstrel, at hot noon
Shrill-singing to the hills and shady woods,
When there's the thrush, and blackbird, and the flocks
Of starlings, robbers of the earth's increase ?
'Tis right to seize fruit-wasters, *them* destroy—
Why envy *me* fresh leaves and grassy dew ?

CII.

ARCHILOCHUS.

Freighted with groans are sorrows for the dead;
Whoe'er remembers them, from him hath fled
Delight in feasting and joy-giving wine.
Those whom I mourn hath ocean's yeasty brine
Whelmed in its womb, and my full breast is sore.
But for the ills for which ah ! nevermore
There is a cure, the Gods enjoin resolve
And resolute endurance : evils move
From one to other—now the turn is ours,
And we are crushed by Fate's relentless powers.
Anon they seize on others ; but endure——
Woman-like grief for evil is no cure.

Had my dear brother not been lost at sea
Less grievous would that loss have been to me ;
Had but his limbs been stretched upon the pyre
And clad in vestments of the cleansing fire !

Tears cannot prove a medicine to my woe ;
Not worse my fate if sadness I forego.
Therefore my wailings I shall not prolong,
But crown my hours with revelry and song.

CIII.

MELEAGER.

The Sale of Love.

Sell him though sleeping on his mother's breast.
Sell the bold boy, he's nothing but a pest.
How sly his leer! wings from his back he spreads,
His nails scratch deep, he laughs while tears he sheds.
A most persistent imp—must have his will—
Keen-eyed and wild, his tongue doth chatter still.

A prodigy complete—nought can ashame him,
Even his very mother cannot tame him.
Therefore he shall be sold—Trader! come hither;
O'er the rough seas convey him anywhither.
—What ails the boy? He pleads, all bathed in tears.
—Board with my true love, and dispel your fears.

CIV.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.

Grim fate hath reft of life a blooming boy,
  Upon whose lips no down had yet appeared.
And thou, O Deity of evil eye,
  Hast from him hopes, how great! untimely sheared
With knife unholy—him of cunning hand,
  And many works. Lie lightly on him, Earth,
And make sweet-scented bright-hued flowers expand
  Beside him where he lies, such as have birth
In blessed Araby, and on India's shore.
  So that the odours thence distilled may tell
That here a youth reposes whom no more
  We may lament, but that, beloved well
By the great Gods, libation and incense
  He merits rather; cruel fate him stole
When aged twenty years; he hath gone hence
  To pious mansions, for his self-control.

CV.

SIMONIDES.

Danäe.

[This has always been a favourite passage with translators of Greek minor poetry. It was prophesied of Danäe, the daughter of Acrisius, King of Argos, that she should give birth to a son, who was to slay his grandfather. Hence Acrisius shut up his daughter in a brazen tower. But Jupiter, that erratic and erotic God, transforming himself into a shower of gold, in other words having bribed the guards, broke through the roof, and Danäe became pregnant. In due time she bore a son, Perseus. Her father, having discovered this, threw both mother and son into a chest and put them out to sea. It was while thus situated that she uttered the following soliloquy, and breathed the following prayer. Jupiter heard her, and caused the chest to land on one of the Cyclades, where Perseus grew up to manhood. While engaged in throwing the discus or quoit, his grandfather looking on, the wind rose suddenly and carried the discus against the head of Acrisius, who was killed, and the prophecy was thus accomplished.]

When wild winds from the darksome sky
The well-wrought ark assailed,
And the rough waves ran mountains high,
With fear poor Danäe quailed.

With cheeks besprent with many a tear,
Her arms she threw around
Her Perseus, crying, "Infant dear,
I'm crushed by woes profound:

But thou within thy brass-bound ark,
Begirt with darkness deep—
From moon or star no friendly spark—
Hast found a suckling's sleep.

The broken wave that rushes by,
Nor wets thy clustering hair,
The tempest howling from the sky,
Excites nor fear nor care.

For thee, within thy purple robe,
Thy face with beauty bright—
If thou thy mother's grief could'st probe,
Or read her heart aright—

The kindest wish that I could form
Were "Sleep my lovely child,"
Sleep too thou sea, and sleep thou storm
Of misery raging wild.

I pray thee, Jove, to interpose,
O, listen to my cry!
Let this my child avenge my woes
With judgments from on high.

CVI.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

The old Maronis here doth lie,
And on her tomb you may espy
A goblet sculptured out of stone.
But she, the tippling, babbling crone,
For her poor children makes no moan,
Nor for their beggared father grieves,
Whom she without compunction leaves.
Yet in the grave it gives her pain,
That this fair goblet should remain
An ornamental chattel here,
Holding no drop of wine or beer.

The Gods of Greece.

These translations from the Greek Anthology will have a fitting sequel in the following version, however imperfect, of Schiller's famous poem

THE GODS OF GREECE

I.

O'er a beauteous world ye then presided ;
In sweet pleasure's gentle leading-band
Happy mortals still to joy ye guided—
Beauteous Beings from the Fable-land !
Marred your blissful service nought of sadness ;
Ah, different altogether then I ween,
When bright-hued flowers inwreathed thy shrines of gladness,
O Amathusian Queen !

II.

Then the robes of Poesy enchanting
Sacred Truth majestic sweetly wore ;
Fulness of life throughout creation panting,
Gave emotions which are felt no more.
Man heightened the nobility of Nature
To clasp her fondly to his loving breast,
And the initiate eye, in every feature,
Saw Godhead manifest.

III.

Where only, as our sages have decided,
Rolls now a soulless ball of fiery sheen,
In that young day his golden chariot guided
Helios in majesty serene ;
Lived in yonder forest-tree a Dryad,
O'er these hills did trooping Oreads roam ;
And, sparkling from the urn of the fair Naiad,
Sprang the river's silver foam.

IV.

Yonder laurel once for aid was crying,
Niobe is silent in this stone ;
Issued from these sedges Syrinx' sighing ;
And from this grove sad Philomela's moan ;
Dropped Demeter's tears in yonder fountain,
While she roamed her daughter to regain ;
Mourned, too, Cytherea on this mountain
Her beauteous hunter boy in vain.

V.

The love of old Deucalion's sons full often
Drew down from heaven the Celestials Fair;
Pyrrha's lovely daughters' hearts to soften
Latona's son the shepherd's crook did bear.
Between men divinities and heroes,
Love a gently-powerful bond did twine;
Mortals, with divinities and heroes,
Homage paid at Venus' shrine.

VI.

Joyous life-work, pleasure unabated,
Banished care, and self-denial sad;
To the Happy ye were all related,
Therefore each lightly-bounding heart was glad.
Nought save the Beautiful was then reveréd;
Deity was ne'er ashamed of joy,
Where the blushing Muses chaste appearéd,
And the sister Graces coy.

VII.

All palace-like were your gay temples gleaming,
The glory yours of the heroic game
In the Isthmian contests honour-teeming,
As to the goal the chariots thundering came.
Beauteous mazes, soul-like dances twining,
Circled round your joyous altars fair ;
Round your brows were Victory's garlands shining,
Wreathes round your odorous hair.

VIII.

Evoes of the nimble Thyrsus-swinger,
And the gorgeous team of panthers mild,
Heralded great Bacchus the Joy-bringer ;
Before him Fauns and Satyrs revelled wild !
Round him circled Maenades uproarious,
Praised their dances his heart-cheering wine ;
And the Patron's purpled vision glorious,
Welcomed them to draughts divine.

IX.

Then no grizly skeleton upstarted,
  Standing grimly by the bed of death ;
But the Genius his torch inverted
  As a Kiss bore off the parting breath.
In Orcus' shadowy realm a judge presiding,
  Of mortal strain, the judgment-balance held,
And the Thracian's most melodious chiding
  Gently the ruthless Furies quelled.

X.

Former joys the happy shades recovered
  In Elysium's bliss-bowers never sere ;
Love found unaltered whom the grave had severed,
  And a nobler course the charioteer.
On Alcestes' bosom sank Admetus ;
  Linus' harp poured forth the wonted strain ;
Recognised his arrows Philoctetes ;
  Orestes knew his friend again.

XI.

Then nerved the struggling hero needs more glorious
As he trod in virtue's path sublime ;
Mighty toilers combating victorious
Mounted boldly to the starry clime.
Before the Stormer of the Realm Benighted
Bowed down the quiet fellowship of gods ;
From Olympus Leda's Twin-star lighted
Sailors o'er the boiling floods.

XII.

Bright world, thou'rt gone! oh had such Bright been stable !
Nature's soft bloom we ne'er shall see again ;
Only in the Fairyland of Fable
Live the traces of thy festive reign.
Heaven-deserted languisheth the meadow,
Brighten's Godhead nowhere on my gaze ;
Of those life-warm figures but the shadow
Hath remained to later days.

XIII.

Rigours of the gloomy North have banished
All those blossoms, faded now and gone ;
And a universe of gods has vanished
With the spoils of All enriching One.
Scan I the starry-arch with sad emotion,
Thee, Selené, find I there no more ;
Through the forests call I, through the ocean—
Echo lone from wood and shore !

XIV.

Reckless of the joys she doth inherit,
By her native grandeur ne'er imprest ;
All unconscious of her guiding spirit,
Never through *my* blessedness more blest,—.
Nature, senseless as the clock's rotation,
To her great Creator's glory dead,
Has become the slave of Gravitation
Since her ancient gods have fled.

XV.

Ere To-morrow can her light rekindle,
With her own hands she digs her grave to-day ;
And ever on and off the drowsy spindle
Moons of themselves wind fulness and decay.
Home the gods to poet's Cloud-land going,
Left a world where beauty had decayed,
And, their gentle leading-strings out-growing,
Dull mechanic law obeyed.

XVI.

Yes, the Beautiful have all departed,
Home the Great ones too have passed away ;
All the hues and tones that life imparted,
Leaving nothing but the soulless clay.
Rescued from the Time-flood, they are lifted
To the radiant top of Pindus high ;
Immortality ne'er crowns the gifted
With song-garlands till they die.

[FINIS.]

DUNLOP & DRENNAN, PRINTERS, KILMARNOCK.

ERRATUM.

Page 11, line 15, *for* Aleuidæ, *read* Aleuadæ.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD			PRINTED IN U.S.A.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACIL
AA 000 665 328 1

PA
3623
A5G9